Satanism

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The Body as Witness

The body doesn't argue; it testifies. When illness takes the wheel, the nerves themselves become the voice. Thought does not lead here—it follows, dragged like a prisoner behind a cart. Sensation is "the gatekeeper of all knowing," the force that can shut the door on analysis so completely that "only raw sensation remains—loud, invasive, and inescapable." In that state, "the truth…is not what is thought or felt—it is what is sensed," and that truth is absolute . This is the first pillar: evil is not an opinion; it is the world seizing the body without consent and dictating the meaning from below.

Philosophies that enthrone thinking pretend the mind can always reinterpret pain into something else. But that fantasy exists only while the flesh cooperates. "The fatal error…is reversing the order." When suffering is real, sensation governs, the body dictates whether feeling and thinking can even occur, and when sensation breaks, "the edifice collapses." The trembling hand in fever is not soothed by a better argument, and nerves burning against their owner are not pacified by a neat syllogism. In illness, the body does not serve the mind; it overrules it .

From this, a hard correction follows. To call agony "just a judgment" is to treat nerves as decoration. They are instruments, and when disease plays them, the sound is not theoretical—it is agony, and it is real. Thesis on good and evil drives the nail: the verdict "this is evil" can be forced upon a person by the state of the body; that does not make it false, it makes it testimony—evidence of what the world has become inside them . Meaning here is not chosen; it is imposed.

This is why spectatorship is nothing. Watching another suffer is, at best, an education in manners or cruelty. It does not deliver the knowledge of evil itself. Knowledge, in this domain, is carved into the body. The world blocks thought at the root: when illness overwhelms sensation, "the door to cognition is shut" and reflection is simply not granted; one must endure, not interpret . A person who has never been seized like this speaks about evil as symbol, posture, or performance. A person who has been seized speaks about evil as a fact.

If an anchor is needed, go to the ledger of Hell: "Every human body is a time bomb with a thousand different fuses… Illness is not an accident… It is the normal operating condition of flesh." There are "thousands of named diseases and millions of individual variations, each one a bespoke torture chamber." Locked-in consciousness, ALS, cluster headaches—the body turned against its owner—"the body has become your jailer." This is evil in the only sense that cannot be wished away: the world using your own tissues as the weapon .

So we begin here, with the correction: thought is permitted by the body, not the other way around. Evil is what the world can do to a human without consent—most clearly through

illness and bodily torment. Where agony dictates the terms, the body writes the mind. And the judgment that emerges—this is evil—is not a pose, not a theory, not a taste. It is a witness statement.

Start with the ground, not the rooftop. The ground is sensation. Heat, pressure, nausea, air hunger, stabbing nerve—these are not decorations on life; they are the permissions of life. The body moves within what sensation allows. Feeling—fear, hope, anger, tenderness—arises downstream from that allowance. Thinking comes last, constrained by what feeling can carry and what sensation will tolerate. Reverse this order and you will speak nonsense about human beings.

Sensation governs the body. A steady stomach lets a person stand; a whirling stomach folds them to the floor. Normal air lets a chest expand; a tight chest makes the world a shrinking box. Teeth that don't scream allow food and words; a single infected tooth can cancel appetite and speech. The body obeys these votes instantly. No manifesto overrides them. If the ground tilts, the body tilts. If the ground cracks, the body falls through.

Feeling is conditioned by this ground. Pain slims the palette of feeling. Under a clean sky and quiet nerves, a human can entertain a hundred shades—amusement, curiosity, flirtation, nostalgia. Under a migraine's white hammer, feeling narrows to two: dread of the next strike, and the faint prayer that it stops. Sepsis heat turns patience brittle. Nerve fire shortens the fuse of mercy. Even joy, when allowed, is largely the relief of pain's brief absence. Feeling is not the sovereign—feeling is a weather report written by the nerves.

Thinking is the narrowest channel of all. Fine judgments, careful plans, noble arguments—these depend on feeling being broad enough and sensation being steady enough to support them. When sensation surges or fails, thought is throttled. Try philosophy at four a.m. with both kidneys stabbing. Try perfect self-control while your breath won't catch and every inhale is a blade. The mind can still flicker in those hours, but like a candle in a wind tunnel: most of what it would do, it cannot do.

This order is not a theory; it is the architecture of lived hours. A day of intact sensation grants a broad house for feeling and a study upstairs where thinking can work. A day of broken sensation shrinks the house to a single locked room. What fits inside that room, lives. What doesn't, doesn't. When people boast that thinking rules, they are remembering good days.

Watch how the edifice collapses the moment sensation breaks. A cluster headache hits—sight narrows, sound becomes a knife, movement is treason. The body crouches and paces by turns because nothing else is possible. Feeling collapses to raw aversion. Thinking becomes a single loop: make it stop. Or take fever—the kind that climbs and climbs until the bed is a furnace and the blanket is a sheet of ice. The body thrashes for a comfortable shape, finds none. Feeling swings between panic and a thin, exhausted pleading. Thought can manage only small tasks: sip water, breathe, endure the next thirty seconds.

Even the gentler failures prove the same rule. Chronic nausea that never peaks, just hums; vertigo that grays the edges of the room; a spinal ache that fogs focus by noon every day. None of these are spectacular, but they are tyrants all the same. They levy taxes on feeling hour by hour, until thinking has a smaller budget than before. Grand projects shrink. Patience thins. Words lose their crispness. The person you thought you were yesterday is simply too expensive to be today.

This is why cruelty looks clever to the unscathed: their sensation is quiet, so their feelings are broad, so their thinking has room to play games. They can invent poses about domination and call it strength. But when sensation turns, the pose is stripped. The only strength that remains is the body's capacity to endure and the mind's ability to bear what endurance demands. The hierarchy is exposed: sensation first; body next; feeling under orders; thinking in chains.

None of this is an insult to thinking. It is a warning about foundations. Bricks are not disgraced because gravity exists; they are kept honest by it. Thinking is kept honest by sensation. The smallest pain can veto the largest plan. The smallest gasp can cancel the grandest speech. When sensation breaks badly enough, the whole structure—body, feeling, thinking—goes down together. There is no shame in that collapse; there is only realism. Name the order correctly, and you will not mistake a rooftop for the ground. Name it wrongly, and you will be surprised every time the earth reminds you what stands on what.

Draw three lines and you won't get lost.

First line: Good/Evil. These are not moods or votes. They are what the world *imposes* on a human being without consent. A fever that burns your sleep away. A nerve that won't stop shouting. A blunt trauma that rearranges your bones. When the world presses like that, the judgment is pressed with it: *this is evil.* When the world relents—breath returns, infection clears, pain loosens its grip—the judgment rises with it: *this is good.* You don't have to adopt these words; they land on you whether you like them or not. Good/Evil operate at the level of conditions. They are the climate, not your diary.

Second line: Right/Wrong. These belong to intention. They describe what we do within the tiny square of control a person actually has. You meant to tell the truth and did—right. You meant to steal and did—wrong. Even when outcomes run wild, intention remains ours. A surgeon can intend to heal (right) and lose a patient to a hidden weakness the body was hiding (tragic, but still right in intent). A scammer can intend to harm (wrong) and fail because the mark didn't bite (lucky miss, still wrong in intent). Right/Wrong live where the hand meets the choice.

Third line: Opinion. This is decoration—what we like, prefer, or claim. It matters for taste, style, and social weather, but by itself it cannot change what is imposed or wash guilt from intent. Calling torture "necessary" doesn't make it anything but imposed suffering. Calling theft "rebalancing" doesn't make the choice upright. Opinions can be beautiful or ugly,

persuasive or dull, but they don't veto climate or cleanse decisions. They hang on the wall; weather and deeds happen in the yard.

Hold these lines and watch confusions clear. When someone says 'Pain is subjective,' that's just an opinion from a distance. Said about others, it lacks the experience to speak; said about oneself, it means the pain hasn't yet reached the level that erases such opinions. Of course feelings vary—courage, fear, resignation, rage—but the hammer falls regardless. Someone says, "The ends justify the means." They have blurred outcomes (mostly not ours) into the chamber where intention lives (ours, always). Someone says, "It's just my opinion." Exactly; and that tells us nothing about the weather or the act, only about the speaker's wallpaper.

Examples make the edges sharp:

- A city's water is poisoned by negligence. For the families whose children are sick, evil has been imposed. No vote required. The officials who ignored warnings performed wrong acts even if they never intended children to suffer—because the intention was to dodge duty, not to safeguard lives. Their later press releases? Opinion.
- A firefighter enters a collapsing house to pull a stranger out. Smoke and heat are evil conditions imposed on the body; they chew up lungs without asking. The firefighter's decision to go in is right—the intention is to aid at risk to self. The newspaper calling it "reckless" or "heroic" is opinion; the weather in those rooms does not care what the headline says.
- A person with chronic pain wakes to another day where standing costs them breath. The pain is evil; it dictates terms. How they speak to those around them is right or wrong—a domain still theirs. A stranger online declaring, "Pain builds character," is opinion dressed in perfume.

These lines also restrain arrogance. If Good/Evil are imposed, you don't get credit for bathing in good weather or blame for being caught in a storm. And if Right/Wrong are about intention, you cannot outsource your choices to trends or crowds and imagine yourself clean. Lastly, if Opinion is decoration, then a clever speech cannot turn a cage into a meadow or a theft into a gift.

Why draw the lines so hard? Because without them, people begin to moralize the weather and excuse their deeds. They call the sick weak, as if malign sensation were a failure of will. They call their cruelty strong, as if intention were blessed by outcomes. They mistake speaking loudly for speaking truth. Once the lines are in place, humility returns. We face the world's impositions without boasting, and we face our choices without escape hatches.

Memorize the triad:

- Good/Evil — what is *done to us* by the world, imposed and undeniable.
- Right/Wrong — what we *intend and do* within our narrow control.
- Opinion — what we *say about it*, which may decorate but cannot overturn the first two.

With this, the book can proceed without fog. We will not confuse climate with conduct, or conduct with commentary. We will not flatter ourselves that liking an idea makes it real, or that naming darkness "freedom" turns it into day. The world imposes; we intend; we opine. Keep the lines bright, and fewer lies get through.

Flesh as prison - Wake and the cell is already locked. The spine protests the first attempt to stand; joints grind; the bladder leaks; the skin tears like paper. You used to run and dance. Now strangers wipe you, feed you, turn you so bedsores don't eat you alive. If you're lucky, someone underpaid shows up. If not, you rot in a room that smells like urine and cold soup until the neighbors call about the stench. This isn't a bad week. This is the design: the body as the first circle, inescapable and prepaid with a lifetime of pain.

Chronic nerve pain - It starts as a spark and becomes a metronome. Shingles like hot wire under the skin. Stenosis that turns each movement into crucifixion. Cluster headaches that make light a knife. Pills dull the edge and steal other things—appetite, bowel, clarity—so the life you keep is smaller than the life the pain already took. Sleep breaks at 3 a.m. to a scream you don't remember making. The calendar stops being months and turns into intervals between detonations.

Organ failure - The machine betrays its owner, one part at a time. Lungs fill with fluid or scar into stone. The heart sprints until it tears or just quivers like a trapped moth. Kidneys shut and poison the blood with its own waste. The brain—most cruel—can forget how to tell the lungs to breathe. There's no prayer or preference that changes this; there's only tubing, alarms, and the arithmetic of what will quit next.

Evil has a gatekeeper. It does not admit talkers; it admits the scarred. Anyone who speaks glibly about "evil" without the stamp of bodily ruin is not describing evil—they are describing an idea of evil. Ideas are frictionless. They gather in conversation circles and scatter at bedtime. Evil does not scatter. It returns at three in the morning and rearranges a person's hours until the calendar itself is suspect.

This is not a purity game; it is a reality check. Speech from the unbroken body is light. It floats above the ground where the judgments are made for you: the hours that taste of metal, the breath that won't come, the throb that teaches you which seconds can be lived and which must be outlasted. A person who has never been pressed like that may manage clever sentences, but the sentences lack weight. They neither predict what the body will do

under siege nor respect the limits that siege imposes. From a distance, you can say almost anything; up close, the body deletes the sentences that don't fit.

"Not all values are projections. Some meanings are forced upon the human being by the structure of the world itself."

That line is the hinge of this book. It separates theater from testimony. Projection says, "I call this evil." Imposition says, "This is evil, and I know it because it has entered me." Projection is reversible—try a new label, a new posture, a new club. Imposition is not. You can rename a cage, but you will still find your hands around the bars at dawn.

A simple test reveals the difference. Ask the speaker to swap rooms: leave the lecture hall and enter the ward where sensation rules, the room where breath is a task and light is a weapon. In that room, the mouth tightens around fewer words. Not because courage fails, but because the menu of possible statements is smaller than before. Words that once seemed deep now sound like slogans. The tongue learns silence because the body has become the teacher, and the lesson must be paid for in minutes and heartbeats.

This is why the book refuses to treat evil as a hobbyhorse. Evil is not a preference, a brand, or a mood. You cannot wear it convincingly if the body has never had to carry it. You can mimic the poses of cruelty; you can cultivate a laugh that sounds like contempt. But the laugh thins the first night a real fever takes you. The laugh fails completely when your nerves begin to argue with electricity or your organs choose their own timetable. The body strips costumes from speech.

The objection arrives: "So only the most broken may speak?" No. Many can speak; few should speak glibly. The point is not to silence voices; the point is to weight them. The closer a person has stood to the furnace, the more right they have to describe its heat—and the less likely they are to praise it. Those who have lived under imposed darkness rarely romanticize it. They do not mistake its pressure for depth or its destructiveness for wisdom. They know too much.

There is, too, a discipline that grows out of this humility. Do not moralize the weather. Do not excuse your deeds. Keep the definitions bright. When evil arrives, name it without shame. When you choose, own the choice without disguise. When you opine, admit the limits of your vantage. In this way, language becomes honest again. It stops trying to rearrange the world with adjectives and goes back to reporting the climate and our conduct within it.

If you want to know whether a voice is speaking about evil or about an idea, listen for the stamp. Does the voice acknowledge the body's vetoes—the little humiliations, the breathless minutes, the stubborn pain that shortens patience and budgets clarity? Does it confess what was lost, and what was learned only because loss made room for it? If not, you

are hearing someone describe a picture on a wall. The picture may be striking. It may even be useful as a warning. But it is not the furnace.

Without the body's signature, "evil" is just a word. With the signature, it is a verdict imposed from outside choice. The difference is everything. One can be tried on and tossed aside. The other marks you, and you will spend the rest of your days carrying the ink.

The Mask: "Satanists" Who Worship the Self

They arrive with a slogan polished like a mirror: "I worship myself like you worship your God." That line is the keynote. Everything that follows takes its pitch from it. They do not present a dark lord with claws and commands; they present a pose: the human as its own altar, the ego in red light.

Listen a minute and you'll hear the rest of the repertoire. Satan is "a symbol," they say—of defiance, of will, of creative revolt. Prometheus stealing fire. The bright rebel who refuses the old ceilings. They cite poetry and pulp in the same breath: a Lucifer of literature, not a tyrant to obey. They talk about knowledge framed as forbidden fruit and ethics framed as self-made law. They wear black not as uniform but as punctuation. This is less a religion than a mood board.

The conversation has a particular rhythm. First, a rejection: no literal Satan. No metaphysical being to kneel to, no demon that answers when called. Then, a substitution: the self as the one worthy of ritual attention. The candles, if any, are there to spotlight the mirror—"I am my own authority." It's a clean exchange: trade the chains of heaven for the crown of me. In that sense, the creed is simple: what others call blasphemy, we call homework.

Fire is their favorite prop. "Playing with fire" becomes a virtue word, like audacity with a brimstone cologne. The mythic register widens as they talk: they are Promethean thieves; they are artists of transgression; they are explorers of taboo, miners of the deep vein where cowardice fears to dig. The language flatters its speakers—brave, awake, unblinking—while quietly removing any requirement to submit to a will outside their own. It's not devotion; it's branding.

And the figure named "Satan" in their speech? A collage. Not a master, but a mascot. A stitched banner of outsider glamour: horns as aesthetic, not obligation; darkness as an accent color, not a command. They'll speak of liberation from shame, of self-creation as highest calling, of ritual as theater for the psyche. If there is a liturgy, it is a guided meditation where the homily ends with "be more you."

There is often a practiced edge to the talk—literary, yes, but also performative. The lines land like stage cues: *transgression, inversion, ascent.* The joy is in the overturning itself.

Taboo is the ladder; the climb is identity. It is clever, sometimes witty, even cathartic for the disenchanted. But notice the center of gravity: the self remains the sun around which everything else orbits. Even the word “evil,” when it appears, is turned into a spice—something to sprinkle on autonomy so it tastes bold.

The rejection of a literal Satan is the tell. Devotion to an external evil would require obedience, surrender, and the acceptance of being ruled by something that harms you. They want none of that. They want the pose without the servitude. So the “devil” becomes a metaphor, a literary device that can be lifted when useful and set down when inconvenient. It’s a costume in a closet: striking on stage, harmless on a hanger.

Beneath the sentences runs a current of reassurance: you are not weak for wanting what you want; you are brave for wanting it loudly. That message has its place—many have lived under petty tyrannies and need to unlearn counterfeit guilt. But the rhetoric slides, almost imperceptibly, from self-respect to self-worship, and from freedom from nonsense to freedom from limits. Fire, in this telling, is a toy. You can juggle it and keep your hair.

The pose is fragile when held against the realities we named earlier—bodies, nerves, hours—but that examination comes later. For now, set the stage honestly. What calls itself “satanism” in these rooms is a theater of the self: curated symbols, literary thunder, the romance of refusal, and a mascot borrowed from myth. It is not a covenant with an evil outside the self. It is a coronation of the self, attended by red candles and a smirk.

“I worship myself like you worship your God” is not a scandalous confession. It is the thesis. Everything coherent in the movement hangs from that sentence. And everything incoherent does, too. The red shirt is bright, the fire is pretty, the lines are quotable. But the altar, when the smoke clears, is a mirror.

They love the words freedom and knowledge. Freedom as the royal road; knowledge as the torch that burns down superstition. It sounds persuasive—until the body speaks. Then you see how small their kingdom is.

Freedom, as most people use it, is a rental. The world lends it on quiet days: steady pulse, steady breath, joints that obey, nerves that don’t interrupt. On those days, a person can say “I do as I will,” and it feels true. But the lender can recall the loan without notice. A nerve misfires and the hand shakes; a vessel clots and the mouth won’t form words; an organ stalls and the room narrows to one task—keep breathing. The boast collapses in a sentence: *I will… if the body allows.*

Knowledge talk floats above the same ground. They speak as if understanding grants control: learn, unmask, transgress, ascend. But the body is not impressed by vocabulary. You can name every part of a storm and still be soaked by it. You can quote manifestos while a migraine turns light into a knife. The brain knows what to do during a primal fear surge—slow the breath, count backwards—but there are hours when the diaphragm

ignores the memo and the blood hums with alarm. In those minutes, “knowing” is a spectator; the body is the law.

This isn’t cynicism; it’s the map. The truth is simple: our control is a small island, and the world owns the shoreline. You can plant a flag on that island and call it sovereignty. Fine. Just don’t pretend the tides asked permission. Illness changes the coastline overnight. Age lowers the land by inches. Accidents redraw it in a moment. If your idea of freedom cannot survive a change in weather, it was never freedom—it was fair weather.

Contrast the slogans with rooms where sensation rules. In one room, a spinal nerve protests, and walking becomes an argument with the ground. In another, nausea hums for months, not high enough to vomit, not low enough to ignore, and every plan is priced in teaspoons of energy. In another, a heart stutters and the world swims. Bring the freedom talk into any of these rooms and you can keep only the parts that fit inside the next ten breaths. The rest is costume jewelry—pretty, but it catches on the doorframe when you try to get out.

The boys in red shirts don’t speak from those rooms. They speak from bars and comment threads, from afternoons when the body is quiet and the mind can preen. They mistake a lucky weather pattern for authority. They act as if the world owes them continued permission, as if their “I will” can obligate muscle and nerve tomorrow. They haven’t learned the older rule yet: most of what you call freedom is a borrowing from the world.

There is a better way to speak about freedom. Start with the limit and work inward. Admit that the world imposes conditions you did not choose. Admit that your control lives in intention and small actions, not in weather. Then test your claims where nerves can veto them. Can you still call it freedom if it cannot stand under fever, breathlessness, or pain? If not, rename it. Honesty isn’t defeat; it’s the only way to keep your words from deserting you when things get loud.

And knowledge? Keep it, but keep it humble. Knowledge can prepare, align, and spare you some avoidable harms. It can teach you how to ride a surge, when to lie still, how to ask for help, how to shield another. It can do much. What it cannot do is make the body your subject. The body will always be the senior partner in the contract, and it will enforce terms you didn’t read.

This isn’t an argument against freedom. It’s an argument against fantasy. Freedom worth having survives contact with broken nerves. It is the freedom to intend rightly when the world is not cooperating; the freedom to do the next small thing well; the freedom to refuse to worship what maims you. Everything else is theater. The red shirt is bright; the fire is pretty. But when the lender comes to collect—when the breath goes short or the pain arrives—the mask falls, and you learn whether your “freedom” was yours or on loan.

Strip the candles, the quotes, the black wardrobe, and look at the altar. It's a mirror. What's being adored is self-image—a curated portrait lit by red bulbs. The rituals serve the portrait: photos angled to catch the jawline, captions sharpened to sound dangerous, library cards waved like knives. The oath isn't to anything outside the self; it's to the picture of the self the crowd will applaud.

Next to the mirror sits a little stage. That stage is autonomy theater. On it, they rehearse lines about absolute freedom, immaculate will, "I answer to no one." The performance works only while the audience is clapping and the body is quiet. When pain taps the shoulder, the monologue stutters. But on good days the lines feel grand, and so the play sells. Tickets are likes, shares, smirks in dim rooms. The curtain falls; the actor checks the mirror again.

Around the stage, you'll notice flags—identity signals. Symbols on rings and jackets, quotes from villains and poets, a playlist heavy on thunder. None of this is evil; it's branding. The signals tell the tribe, "I belong to the daring." The point isn't obedience to a master; it's membership in a mood. The badge doesn't command—*it accessorizes*.

This is why their talk about "evil" lands like perfume. It's a scent draped over autonomy, not a covenant with something that harms them. Real evil does not decorate. It invades. It doesn't ask whether your outfit matches; it cancels your ability to lift your arm. It doesn't care that your bio says "unbowed"; it bows your head with vertigo and makes you crawl to the bathroom at four in the morning. None of this pageantry smells like that room.

Watch the habits and the center appears. They collect epigrams the way others collect shoes. They say "indulge the self" and mean "reward the image." They say "transgression" and mean "be seen crossing a painted line." They say "ritual" and mean "a photo set." They talk about knowledge as if reading the right book completes the transformation, like a charm. Then comes the tell: what they worship changes when the audience changes. If the crowd prefers a new color, the altar lighting shifts by Friday.

Opinion is the engine. It whirs constantly—strong takes, spicy slogans, curated blasphemies. Opinion is cheap and abundant, so it becomes the currency. You pay into the tribe by saying the right sharp things about taboo. But opinion has no jurisdiction over illness, breath, blood, pain. You can't talk a kidney into filtering. You can't caption a nerve into silence. That border—where talk stops and imposition begins—is where their worship evaporates. The mirror fogs, the stage lights flicker, the flags hang limp. There is nothing left to adore but endurance, and endurance doesn't flirt.

If you doubt this, try a thought experiment. Move the altar into a ward. Keep the candles if you like; they won't help when the room spins and won't stop. Keep the quotes; they won't pry open a throat that has forgotten how to take air. Keep the costume; it will look the same as you retch into a basin. Now ask the mirror for power. Ask the stage for relief. Ask the signals to pull you through. What answers will not be a symbol. What answers, if anything

answers, will be quiet and small: breathe again, sip water, hold a hand, be kind. Not rebellion. Not bravado. Just the simplest form of right action under bad weather.

So what do they actually worship? Attention to the self-portrait. Permission to do as they please when the world permits it. Recognition from those who share the costume. This is not contact with evil. It is opinion-play—a social performance dressed in dramatic language. There is no submission to an outer force, no apprenticeship to suffering, no education at the hands of imposed conditions. There is only the self, spotlit, insisting that a pose is a transformation.

Which is why the red shirt looks so bright in the bar and so foolish in the ward. The costume glows in rooms where nothing heavy presses on the body. Under pressure, the mask slides. The body reminds the wearer what is and isn't under personal command, and the worship of the mirror goes mute. It was never a religion; it was a rehearsal. And the stage was always portable because the altar was always you.

They say: "I worship myself."
Hell answers: *Which self?* The one before month three of chemo, or the one on the bathroom floor counting breaths between dry heaves? Chemo turns appetite into dust and taste into metal. Your mouth sores bleed when you try to sip. Your hair abandons you in clumps that look like small losses, and then the big losses arrive: muscle, stamina, sex, sleep. The mirror stops being a partner and becomes a witness. You stop performing and start negotiating with minutes. There is no "brand" left to curate. There is a body. It is in revolt. Real evil does not thrill; it erases.

They say: "I answer to no one."
Hell answers: *You answer to bone.* Bone pain is a private language of hammers. It teaches you the difference between standing and wanting to stand. It edits your day down to three movements: rise, inch, lie down. The proud walk becomes a shuffle with a plan for every doorway—where the handrail is, where the chair is, where the floor will be if you miss. The declaration of sovereignty fades to a practical whisper: please, not now.

They say: "I transgress."
Hell answers: *Try crossing the line from bed to bathroom at 4 a.m. with a spine like barbed wire.* Spinal stenosis mornings begin before light with a lesson in geometry: how to roll without setting the fire off, how to swing the legs without detonating the lower back, how to stand without sobbing. The day is an obstacle course of small humiliations—can you tie a shoe today, or will you pretend laces are a fashion choice and wear slip-ons again? Transgression here is not boldness; it's reaching the sink without screaming.

They say: "I am fearless."
Hell answers: *Fever will teach you new animals.* Sepsis sends heat through the body like an arsonist and chills like a winter that lives under the skin. You shake until your teeth threaten to crack. The room swims. Dreams leak into wakefulness. The bravado that once tasted like

freedom now tastes like copper. Fear becomes very practical—will the numbers fall or rise, will the IV infiltrate, will the antibiotic catch the thing that is eating you? “Fearless” is a word from a healthy mouth. You will settle for present.

They say: “My will is a blade.”
Hell answers: *Nerves cut deeper.* Chronic nerve pain is a metronome you can’t shut off. It counts your day without your consent: walk five minutes, sit ten, pace, lie down, start over. Your plans shrink to fit inside the pulses. You do not will through it; you endure inside it. The blade you bragged about is now a letter opener in a house fire.

They say: “I create myself.”
Hell answers: *Illness edits you.* The haircut, the jacket, the caption, the carefully stacked books—gone to storage. Your new aesthetic is hospital gown blue and adhesive beige. You collect wristbands. You decorate with tape residue. You learn the skill of smiling without moving your face because the catheter pulls when you do. Identity becomes a list of numbers on a chart and the name of a nurse who knows how to find a vein without making you sick with bruises. Creation is replaced by conservation: keep what can be kept today.

They say: “I choose pain.”
Hell answers: *Real pain chooses you.* The choices left are small and holy—sip or puke, sit or stand, call or wait, breathe here or there. You become intimate with ten-second intervals. You become very humble about the difference between an opinion and a verdict. You stop making speeches about darkness because you have learned how loud the body already is.

Lay their lines beside these rooms and the contrast is embarrassing. Their sentences are outfits; these hours are weather. In weather like this, the mirror cracks—first literally (a fall), then figuratively (a life). The self-image smashes into nothingness, and something quieter walks out of the dust: a person who understands that most of what we claimed as power was borrowed, and the lender has arrived to collect.

This is the test. If your creed cannot survive chemo months, bone hammers, sepsis fever, or stenosis mornings, then your creed was a costume. Real evil does not leave space for theater. It doesn’t applaud your monologue; it snuffs the stage lights. It erases, until the only lines left to say are the small ones that keep you here: breathe, sip, rest, try again.

“I worship myself …”

That line was our epigraph for a reason. It reads like thunder until you stand next to it. Then you see it’s not a confession of darkness; it’s a pledge to a mirror. The “devil” here is a nickname for appetite, a stage-name for autonomy. The altar is polished glass. Call it what it is: self-worship, not evil-worship.

The costume is easy to spot once you stop being impressed by red light. These are Sunday-school choir boys in a red shirt, mistaking self for "Satan," mistaking performance for contact, mistaking a dare for a destiny. They have traded one choir for another—same harmonies, new lyrics. The hymn is: I will not bow. The chorus is: Look how well I hold my chin. It is pageantry, not apprenticeship to anything beyond the self.

Name each prop. The ring with the goat: a badge. The quote about rebellion: a mood. The candle smoke: a filter for a photograph. None of it binds the wearer; all of it curates the image. Even the word "worship" is hollowed out until it just means "attention paid to me." Worship, in any serious sense, involves surrender, obedience, and a willingness to be shaped by something stronger than your appetite. There is none of that here. There is only the appetite, crowned.

This is why their talk floats so easily. There is no ballast. They do not kneel to a will that harms them; they do not accept a hand on the back of their head and the instruction to endure. They do not live under an imposition that interrupts thought and rearranges their hours. They have not learned the grammar of breath counted in single digits, or balance practiced beside a bed, or the new mathematics where a shower costs the rest of the afternoon. Without that grammar, their sentences are decorations hung on air.

We can be plain about the test, because it is simple. Put any creed beside imposed evil—chemo months, bone hammers, septic fever, stenosis mornings—and see what remains. If a creed collapses into silence or tantrum when the body takes command, it was a costume for fair weather. If a creed teaches humility, patience, small right actions under bad weather, it might be worth keeping. The "satanist" pose does none of this. It promises crowns and delivers captions.

So we name the mask. It is the self dressed as the enemy of ceilings, not the servant of a dark master. It is identity theater with pyrotechnics, not a covenant with pain. It is opinion-play—a social performance that thrives only while the room is easy and the nerves are quiet. When the world imposes, the mask has nothing to say but "I didn't mean it," and even that is too loud for certain nights.

The proof is in what they refuse. They refuse submission, which is the first step in any true worship—yes, even worship of evil would demand it. They refuse limits, which is what the body teaches first and most. They refuse apprenticeship to anything that can say no and make it stick. All refusals have their place; liberty matters. But a creed that cannot survive a no from the body is not a creed—it is a costume hung on a good day.

No encounter with imposed evil is evident. Not in their boasts, not in their rituals, not in their slogans. They speak in the tense of the unscarred. They have not stood in the rooms where meaning is forced upon a person and the mouth learns to choose only the words that fit inside the next breath. They have not met the thing they pretend to crown.

Let the last word be clarity, not cruelty. The mask isn't wicked; it's empty. The red shirt is bright; the fire is pretty. But the altar is a mirror, and the worship ends when the mirror fogs.

Suffering as the Only Door to Knowing Evil

Begin with the hard rule: only what is imposed has real weight. If you choose it, adorn it, or schedule it, it is not evil—it is an activity. Evil is what arrives without your permission and rearranges you from the bottom up. That is why parades of words don't count. Speeches float; impositions sink. If a claim about evil cannot survive contact with a hospital year or a month of uncooperative lungs, the claim has no mass.

From that rule flows the first criterion: the presence of an involuntary condition. Illness, injury, or any body-level event that does not ask. Not a thrill, not a stunt, not a weekend flirtation with discomfort. The body must be seized, not consulted. Forms vary—nerve fire, organ failure, breath disorder, unrelenting pain—but the signature is the same: you are not in charge.

Second criterion: illness overrides thought. People like to imagine that thought directs the body the way a conductor directs a symphony. When sickness comes, the orchestra walks off. What remains are a few stubborn instruments playing against a storm. Plans dissolve into tasks, tasks into gestures, gestures into single breaths. Thought still exists, but as a dependent, not a ruler. If your account of evil keeps the mind enthroned while the body burns, you have never stood close enough to feel how fast the crown falls.

Third criterion: sensation narrows the mind's range. Under clear skies, a person can entertain wide palettes—complex feeling, layered thinking, delicate judgment. Under sustained suffering, the range contracts. Pain edits feeling down to a small set: aversion, endurance, thin hope. Thought becomes practical and short: swallow, rest, don't move yet. This narrowing is not weakness; it is the body defending what can be defended when storms strip the house. Any credible witness to evil will speak with that narrowness in their sentences: fewer flourishes, more weather reports.

These criteria yield a simple test for voices. When someone speaks about evil, listen for imposition: Do they describe conditions they could not refuse? Listen for override: Do their plans buckle under the body's veto? Listen for narrowing: Do their judgments sound like they were paid for in minutes and breath, not borrowed from books and late-night bravado? If these marks are absent, you are not hearing testimony; you are hearing commentary.

The test is rigorous because the subject demands it. Evil is not a metaphor; it is a climate that moves into a person and confiscates furniture. Under that climate, even virtues change shape. Courage stops looking like speeches and starts looking like standing. Patience stops

sounding like serenity and starts sounding like silence. Hope stops being a banner and becomes a ration, measured out carefully so tomorrow is still possible. Any description that keeps virtue theatrical has not met the meter that suffering uses.

There is a reason this matters to the book's larger claim. If only imposition has weight, then the loud, voluntary flirtations with "darkness" are displays, not encounters. A person may choose harsh training, risky art, hunger for a cause. Those can be valuable, but they are not the same as the body being drafted into a war it did not declare. In chosen strain, you keep the key to the door. In imposed suffering, the key is taken from you and the door locked from the outside.

Set these criteria like stones at the threshold:

- Imposition: it happens to you, not because of you.
- Override: it makes thought a passenger.
- Narrowing: it compresses feeling and judgment to what can fit inside pain's budget.

Cross that threshold and you can speak about evil without playacting. Stay outside and your words, however sharp, remain decorations. This is not snobbery; it is triage. In a world that confuses outfits with weather, we are naming the storm.

The consequences for worship are immediate and severe. Once a person has lived long under imposed conditions, the appetite for praising what harms them dies out. The body trains aversion the way fire trains a hand to pull back. The mouth that used to boast learns to ration words. The mind that once spun banners learns to work within ten breaths. By the time someone has truly earned the right to define evil, the last thing they want to do is kneel to it.

Cancer bloom.
A cell forgets its manners and teaches its neighbors to riot. Tumors seed themselves in quiet organs and begin their private arithmetic: divide, invade, starve the host. Before you can form a sentence about it, the body is scheduling its own dismantling—weight slipping without permission, night sweats like broken weather, tastes turning to metal. Chemo may scorch the field, but the harvest is bitter either way: hair in the drain, blood counts as currency, a bathroom as chapel. You did not choose the invasion; it chose you. This is the world acting through flesh.

Autoimmune brain fire.
The sentries attack the city. Antibodies cross a line they were never meant to cross and the brain lights like a bad electrical panel. Words disappear mid-syllable. Vision jumps. Fear surges from nowhere because the wiring is arcing, not because a thought decided to be afraid. On the bed: a body negotiating with its own guards; at the desk: a list of tasks turning

to confetti. The self—once a stable room—is now a flickering hallway. No vow, no posture stops the misfire. This is imposition, pure and simple.

Famine's slow execution.
Hunger tightens steadily, not dramatically. First you stretch meals; then you lie about having eaten; then you think less about anything except the next mouthful. Hair loosens from the scalp. Wounds forget how to close. Sleep comes mean and thin. Jokes die in the mouth. The mind shrinks to one project: find calories, keep moving. It is not a lesson or a cleanse; it is a sentence carried out day by day. Even the calendar turns on you—harvest-week as rumor, winter as a verdict. This is the planet withholding, and the body learning obedience.

War's organized madness.
They call in your position—grid square, meters from the burned-out kiosk—while shells whistle overhead, adjusting fire like a patient tailor. A sniper's crosshair rests steady on your forehead, tracking each desperate step through rubble, waiting for the clean shot. Closer, a soldier shoulders his Kalashnikov and empties a burst that stitches the wall behind you, chips of brick stinging your neck.You duck into the alley as another grenade arcs overhead, lands with a clatter, then erupts in orange fire that licks at your heels. The blast throws you forward; ears ringing, you crawl through smoke while boots pound closer. Night falls, but the dogs are already loosed—baying, chains gone, noses full of your scent—running faster than fear.There is nothing cinematic about it—just muzzle flashes, the cold math of range cards, the patient click of a bolt, and the steady, relentless closing of every escape. Death with a stopwatch and a leash. The dogs hit you first—teeth in your calf, dragging you down into the mud while handlers shout commands and boots pin your arms. Hands search you roughly, zip-ties bite into wrists, a hood drops over your head, and the night fills with the smell of diesel as they throw you into the truck. Months follow in a basement lit by a single bulb: electrodes on skin that learns every voltage, questions repeated until words lose meaning, bones broken and reset wrong, sleep bargained for in drops. There is nothing cinematic about it—just the slow, scheduled dismantling of a body, shift after shift, until even pain grows bored and methodical. Evil with a calendar and a logbook. Madness, but measured

Plague at your face.
It begins as a fever with manners, then forgets them. Skin along the cheeks discolors; tissue softens; the mirror becomes an accusation. The clinic smell—antiseptic on top of rot—follows you home. People step back, not from cruelty but from an animal memory: distance or die. You learn new rituals: pack, drain, clean, hide. Each day the world announces itself through the face you show it, and each day that face is less your own. There is no sermon here, only dissolution you cannot bargain with.

Your whole family.
They drag you to the yard at dawn and force your eyes open. Your child—still in pajamas—screams once before the blade, then only wet sounds as they hack the small body apart, limb by limb, tossing pieces into a sack like butcher's scraps. The mother is next: held down, violated in turn by laughing men while you are pinned, then her throat opened slow. Your father lasts longer—fingers broken one by one, teeth pulled, skin flayed in strips—until a final bayonet ends the begging.The house stands open, blood cooling on the floorboards, shoes scattered where running stopped. You are left alive for now, to carry the memory, to sign whatever paper they shove under your bleeding face. Time has no sequence left; every breath is a betrayal. The world reached in and carved out every person who made tomorrow worth reaching. No insight fills that absence. It is a hole the size of everything.

Each of these is a world-force, not a choice, not a costume. They arrive without your consent and rewrite the terms of being alive. They do not thrill; they erase. They narrow the horizon to the next swallow, the next breath, the next minute endured. This is the domain where "evil" is not a brand but a climate—where talk thins out and testimony begins, and where any fantasy of worshiping the devourer burns off like mist at noon.

Years in those corridors cure a person of romance. The lesson is simple and it is stamped into the nerves: **do not feed the thing that feeds on you**. Whatever appetite once existed for theatrical darkness burns off under fluorescent lights and bad sleep. You learn recoil, not devotion.

Worship requires a posture—kneeling, gazing upward, offering. Suffering re-trains posture the other way. You lower your head to vomit without tearing the line. You curl to protect the spine that screams when you uncurl. You hold your ribs like broken instruments and breathe shallow because deep hurts. This body is no longer an altar; it is a barricade. You brace. You bargain with seconds. You do not offer yourself to the thing that is already taking.

The corridors teach through repetition. Beeps that mean numbers have drifted. Carts that rattle like cheap skeletons. The parade of hands that know where veins hide and where they don't. After a while, your senses build a memory palace of alarms: that tone is blood pressure, that one is oxygen, that one means the machine is bored but wants attention anyway. In that palace, devotion feels obscene. You're not in awe—you're keeping score. The fire alarm has gone off too many nights to be beautiful.

Suffering also edits desire. Where once a person might have wanted to look fearless, now they want to sleep. Where once they wanted to look untouchable, now they want a chair that doesn't punish the hips. Where once the word "darkness" tasted like sophistication, now it tastes like a room with no nurse at the desk and a call button that clicks but doesn't light. The body trains aversion with precision: this motion yes, that motion no; this food maybe, that food never again; this hour tolerable, that hour a cliff you won't jump twice.

Years under imposition also rewrite devotion's script. Devotion promises transformation by surrender. Suffering delivers transformation by attrition. The edges sand down: pride into plainness, swagger into patience, noise into careful words. If once you flirted with praising the devourer, now your mouth has better uses—counting breaths, asking for water, saying thank you to the person who came at 3 a.m. so you didn't have to stand alone. You learn the discipline of not making an enemy larger by feeding it with attention.

There's a practical wisdom to recoil that needs no lecture. You pull your hand from a flame because the skin remembers. After months of nerve fire, you pull your mind back from fantasies that invite more harm. You refuse entertainment that glamorizes what you are trying to survive. You stop calling destruction "freedom" because you have seen where destruction goes. The body has no patience for myths that cost it hours.

This change is not bitterness; it is calibration. Suffering shrinks the stage to what fits inside pain's budget. Worship, to survive, would have to justify itself as food or medicine—something that helps you stand. If it cannot, it goes. Most of the loud declarations do not survive this accounting. They do not soothe, strengthen, or steady; they only dazzle. Dazzle has no seat in the corridor. A warm hand does. A pill that works does. Silence does.

Even the imagination learns new borders. It used to dress pain in symbols and make it look noble. Now it treats pain like weather and plans around it. There is no hunger to become one with the storm; there is only a clear desire not to drown. If a thought invites drowning—worship of cruelty, cosplay of submission to harm—the learned reflex is to step away. Not out of fear, exactly, but out of conservation. You have so little to spend; why tip the thing that taxes you?

And what of those who insist that embracing darkness deepens them? Years later, you'll meet them again—quieter, if they've been through anything to know the real darkness.

The corridors are an education no slogan survives. The long nights teach the most honest prayer a human has: let it not be worse. From that prayer flows a sane ethic: take what helps, refuse what breaks, protect what can still be protected. Evil is a devourer. Devotion feeds it. Recoil starves it.

So the reflex becomes policy. Do not praise the hand that strikes. Do not dress the strike in art. Do not mistake endurance for romance. Turn your face toward what mends, even if "mending" means only ten good minutes stitched into a bad day. This is the opposite of worship. It is wisdom learned the hard way: the body knows its enemy, and the body's first command is simple—pull back.

Strip a human to what survives every hour: consciousness. Not opinions, not the mood of the day—bare awareness. Everything else rides on flesh. Thought is paced by oxygen and glucose. Feeling is colored by hormones, temperature, pain. Tilt any of those, and the mind

changes shape. That is the build. We are not free-floating wills; we are awareness housed in meat, and meat has rules.

From this follows a hard limit: 99.999999% of humans are not—cannot be—evil by nature. Our stack isn't built for it. When the body suffers, the automatic response is recoil, not worship. Nerves teach avoidance; breath teaches caution; the gut teaches "don't touch that again." The organism protects itself by withdrawing from what destroys it. That is not a moral lecture; that is wiring.

To be *truly* evil in the deep sense—aligned with harm as a way of being—would require a nature that feeds on destruction the way lungs feed on air. It would require a creature for whom agony is not a warning but a sacrament, for whom the body's veto is fuel, not limit. A human does not come that way. We can intend wrong, we can grow cruel, we can be trained to numbness and do monstrous things. But when naked suffering moves in, the mask slips and the animal flinches. That flinch is the signature of our kind.

This has consequences for the claim of "satanism." Real satanism—if the word is to mean anything—is worship of evil and of Satan as an evil being. Not a symbol set, not a literary mood, not a grooming ritual for the ego. Worship means bowing to an outer will and calling its destruction holy. Almost no one can do this once they have actually met destruction in the body. The breastbone remembers panic. The spine remembers knives. The blood remembers fevers that turned the room to ash. After that, devotion to the devourer does not bloom; it withers.

What, then, are today's "satanists" mostly doing? Self-caressing narcissism**,** rebranded. They praise the self, not an external evil. They curate an image, they trade in slogans about freedom and defiance, they borrow the devil for aesthetics while rejecting the one element that would make it religion: submission to something beyond the self. They do not know real evil; lacking that knowledge, they do not know what they claim to worship. They aren't bowing; they're posing.

A useful question exposes the gap: *Could you keep your creed in a ward where pain budgets every sentence?* If the answer is no, then the creed is a costume. Real worship of evil—again, if the word "real" is to mean anything—would require a being for whom the ward is a chapel, for whom screaming is incense, for whom negation is nourishment. That is not a human. A human, pressed hard enough, prays for relief or goes silent. The body sets that prayer in the throat.

Call this a mercy of design. Consciousness persists, but it is yoked to a frame that refuses to make agony its food. We can stain our intention, we can do wrong, we can learn to enjoy power over others' pain at a distance. But when the storm moves inside the ribs, the mouth stops praising thunder. Nearly all will abandon the theater of darkness for the plain work of surviving the hour.

So the clause stands: human nature recoils from evil when evil is real. Only a being evil by nature could worship it—and that is almost no one. The rest who chant in red light are not confessing allegiance to a devourer; they are admiring their own reflection. They have mistaken the mirror for an altar and the echo for a god.

Those who torture animals or other human beings are not connoisseurs of darkness; they are apprentices of pathetic cruelty. They mistake domination for depth, as if watching a creature break were knowledge. It isn't. Spectatorship is a counterfeit education. Real evil is what lives inside the body when the world imposes it—illness that cancels thought, pain that narrows life to minutes, fear that sits on the chest until language fails. The abuser has not learned this; he performs at a distance, safe from the weather he deals out.

Bring such a person under that weather long enough—months, not moments—and the costume shreds. Panic will teach him humility. Pain will edit his sentences. The appetite to glorify harm will wither into a single reflex: recoil. He will not praise what devours him; he will beg it to stop. That is the proof: if the creed collapses the first time the world enters the ribs, it was never knowledge of evil—only cruelty acting clever. Watching others suffer is a show; enduring imposed suffering is the lesson. Without that stamp, their talk of "evil" is just a child's game with matches.

A true satanist, if the phrase is to mean anything, would need a nature aligned with destruction at the level of being. Not a mood, not a weekend aesthetic—a nature. Such a creature would have to take harm as nourishment, take screams as incense, and treat the body's vetoes as invitations instead of limits. That is not how a human is built.

Human experience is structured the other way. Sensation sets the terms; the body trains aversion; imposed pain narrows thought and edits desire. When the furnace moves inside the ribs, the hand does not reach toward it—the hand pulls back. After long spells under imposed evil, people do not kneel to it. They learn the small discipline of refusing to feed it. They become practical about what keeps them here: rest, help, patience, a few right acts threaded through bad weather.

"physical sensation is not the messenger of thought. It is the master."

That single line explains the contradiction. If sensation is master, then any creed that glorifies suffering cannot survive sustained contact with suffering. The master will veto it. A mouth once proud of dark slogans becomes careful with breath. A spine once eager to bow to nothing learns to bow to pain merely to stand. The organism defends itself by shrinking desire, by stepping away from whatever worsens the storm. Devotion to destruction starves in that climate; endurance becomes policy.

You can see this in the kinds of sentences that remain after long corridors: fewer banners, more weather reports. "Try again in an hour." "Sit first, then stand." "Don't make it worse." This isn't cowardice; it's calibration. A person who has met real evil knows the price of

pretending. They stop auditioning for roles in darkness and learn the work of keeping a little light. If there were such a thing as a human born to worship evil, they would be an exception so rare as to be a different kind of animal—one in whom the recoil mechanism failed at the root. Almost none of us are that.

This is why the modern red-shirt theatrics ring hollow. They mistake appetite for ontology. They think wanting to look fierce amounts to being aligned with the devourer. But appetite wilts when the body is pressed; ontology doesn't. And when the press comes—illness, injury, loss—their talk dissolves into the same small vocabulary everyone else uses: help, water, breath, stop. The "nature" that would be required to keep praising what harms you does not live in ordinary humans. The frame refuses it.

So the result is plain. If knowledge of evil requires long, involuntary, body-level suffering—and it does—then anyone who truly gains that knowledge will not worship evil afterward. The training is wrong for worship. The body teaches avoidance; the hours teach thrift; the memory of nights with no margin teaches an ethic that has no room for courting the storm. Praise becomes quiet gratitude for reprieves, not hymns to the thing that erases them.

What remains, for honest people, is simple: call evil what it is when it is imposed; choose rightly where you still have a hand; treat opinions like paint, not architecture. And for those who insist on the title "satanist," the test waits where all tests live: in rooms where sensation is master. If the title cannot live there, it was never about evil. It was about a mirror.

The Line

Put "worship of evil" under the light. Worship is not a momentary mood; it is an ongoing project—rituals, repetition, reinforcement. Such a project requires a long chain of outcomes to cooperate: time, health, stamina, and a body that will keep showing up. But the body is a fickle ally. Pain vetoes focus. Breath crises cancel plans. Exhaustion erases ritual. Even if someone intends to exalt destruction, the organism itself revolts. The chain snaps in the same place every time—where weather contradicts will.

This explains why loud vows collapse under real suffering. Intent may start the sentence; the body finishes it. "I will praise darkness" becomes "make it stop" the first night the nerve will not quiet or the chest will not open. That shift is not hypocrisy; it is physiology. Sensation is the master. It narrows feeling and throttles thinking until only practical choices remain. Devotion to what harms you cannot thrive in that climate; the body starves it.

Two quick illustrations:

- The torturer's fantasy. In peacetime he boasts about power. A week of organ failure and his universe shrinks to ten-second intervals. His intentions were wrong; his outcomes taught him recoil. He abandons the theater of praise and begs for relief.
- The edgelord's vow. "I'll exalt pain." Then chronic nerve fire arrives. The vow withers to "sit, breathe, wait." The body edits the script; the only ritual that remains is endurance.

This is not a plea for softness. It is a demand for accuracy. If worship means submission to an outer will—and here, that will is destruction—then the ordinary human cannot maintain it once the storm moves inside the ribs. We can intend cruelly, we can act wrongly, we can train ourselves to ignore the cries of others. But when the climate turns against our own body, the reflex is not adoration—it is aversion. That is the structure we live in.

This also guards the thesis from cheap counters. Someone will point to a monster and say, "There—proof of a true devotee." Look closely: you will see wrong intent and harmful acts, yes. But you will not see durable submission to destruction as such. Put that person under sustained imposed suffering, and the same collapse appears. They may cling to slogans for a while, but the body is patient and always wins the argument. Their creed becomes quiet or mechanical; often it disappears. The appetite for praising the devourer dies when the devourer is in the room.

There is one more clarity this line gives: don't moralize weather; do own choices. If evil is imposed, we don't award medals for being lucky in health, and we don't shame the broken for being broken. If Right/Wrong live in intent, we stop laundering our harms through success. "It worked" is not a detergent. We judge the aim, not the accident.

So the short result: Worship needs outcomes; the world owns outcomes. Real suffering breaks the chain that devotion would need. The body's veto is relentless, and it teaches the same ethic every time: take what helps, refuse what worsens, conserve what remains. A creed that glorifies harm cannot pass through that filter and stay intact. If someone still insists on the name "devotee of evil," the test is simple: place the creed where sensation rules and wait. Either it becomes silence—or it becomes survival—and neither is worship.

No True Satanists

Set the ground before any argument: evil is an imposed world-force. If you didn't choose it and you can't wave it off—illness, injury, terror that grips the body—it qualifies. This isn't about tastes or philosophies; it's what the world does to a person without consent. From

there the second piece follows: you don't *know* evil until you've endured that imposition yourself. Watching others teaches sympathy or cruelty, not knowledge. Real knowledge arrives only when your own hours are rationed by breath, when alarms set the schedule, when pain redraws the map of your day and refuses negotiations.

Live under that for long, and a third piece becomes unavoidable: endurance bends a human reflex away from devotion to the force that harms. The body learns a single practical law—do not feed what feeds on you. Bravado evaporates; conservation takes over. You become careful with motion, with words, with hope. You stop painting storms in romantic colors because you are busy keeping the roof on. This change isn't a philosophy; it's training. Nerves teach aversion the way fire teaches a hand to pull back.

Hold these three in mind as one line. Evil is what is done to you; knowledge of it requires being the one it's done to; long exposure teaches recoil, not worship. Anything that ignores this order is commentary, not testimony. A slogan about "embracing darkness" sounds decisive until someone spends six months with nerve fire pacing their day in pulses; the sentence shrinks to "make it stop." That isn't hypocrisy—it's biology. A debate club can tangle itself up over whether pain is "just interpretation," but the hammer doesn't ask for a reading before it falls. And the bully who delights in others' suffering imagines himself an expert on evil, but all he has learned is how to watch it; give him that weather for months and his appetite for praising harm dies on its own.

You can apply this quietly to any grand claim about "evil" or "satanism." Ask yourself, without ceremony: did this happen to them without their say, did they live under it long enough for the body to retrain their days, and did that training produce recoil rather than devotion? If the answers are no, no, and no, you're looking at theater—a performance that thrives on good weather. If the answers are yes, yes, and yes, you're listening to someone who has walked through real weather, and they won't be singing hymns to the storm.

This isn't a trick with definitions; it's a map of how people actually behave when the furnace moves inside their ribs. It strips away the comfort of pretending evil is a costume you can take on and off. It also strips away the cruelty of blaming the broken for being broken or excusing the cruel because their harm "worked." Once the ground is set this way, the final claim stops needing bravado. When evil is defined as imposition, when knowing it requires the stamp of endurance, and when endurance reliably produces recoil, one conclusion follows without flair: the one who truly knows evil does not worship it. The body tells that truth for you.

Take them at their own word. The keynote is, "I worship myself," followed by a shrug at the idea of a literal Satan. What they call "Satan" is a symbol of defiance, a mascot for autonomy, a literary spark to light their personal creed. The rest is freedom talk—knowledge, transgression, ascent. None of this is testimony from a broken body. It is mood, metaphor, and self-portrait.

Listen closely and the center never moves: the self remains the altar. Their rituals—when they exist—are tools for self-emphasis. Their "devil" is a lens, not a lord; a permission slip, not a command. This is not devotion to an outer devourer. It is the self crowned, with red lighting for effect. When the conversation turns to pain, it is almost always pain at a distance—society's guilt, moral hangovers, the sting of taboo. There is no ledger of months spent under imposed conditions, no nights told in the language of alarms and breath counts, no sentences honed down by nerve fire. The talk stays smooth because the rooms have been easy.

Measure this speech against the criteria. Evil, as we've set it, is an imposed world-force. Knowledge of it requires endured imposition in one's own body. Long endurance trains recoil, not worship. Their words fail each lock. They do not present evil as something that seized them; they treat it as a symbol they select. They have not worn the stamp of long imposition; they borrow its imagery for posture. And because they lack that stamp, they do not display the reflex that endurance breeds—aversion to feeding what feeds on you. They keep calling harm "freedom," which is a sentence the body will not let you keep once the storm moves inside your ribs.

Even their boldest lines betray the distance. "I transgress" is a stage direction until the spine turns to wire at dawn and the walk to the sink is a campaign. "I am fearless" is a caption until a fever hunts through the bloodstream and every nerve is a rumor of fire. "I will praise pain" is a romantic thought until the metronome of chronic agony edits your day to minutes and the mind learns thrift. People who have paid those prices do not speak like this. They speak in shorter lines with fewer banners, because long banners get in the way of breathing.

If worship of evil means submission to a force outside the self that harms the worshiper and is praised for doing so, their stance never arrives. They explicitly decline any master beyond the mirror. They insist on keeping the key to the door. They lift and drop the "devil" as a prop. That isn't religion; it's a brand identity. And when the world imposes—when breath locks, when bones argue, when fear lives in the blood—brand identity doesn't endure. It deglosses at speed.

There is also a tonal tell you can't miss once you've heard it. People who have truly known imposed evil rarely glorify it. They may describe it with precision. They may demand it be named without euphemism. But they don't sing to it. They don't flirt with it. They don't use it to look interesting. They save their attention for what steadies, heals, or simply doesn't make things worse. The absence of that discipline in the record is its own verdict: the speakers have not been to the school they claim to have graduated from.

So apply the test and write the result plainly. Their own words point to self-worship, metaphorical Satan, and freedom slogans. None of that satisfies the requirement of contact—endured imposition that retrains the body and the mouth. Without that stamp, their

“evil” is an outfit on a good day, not a climate they have survived. By our criteria, they are not witnesses. They are curators of a look. And when the weather turns, looks don’t speak.

Some point to the old fires and say, “There—true satanists.” They mean the cults that, in ancient accounts, fed infants to brazen idols—Moloch/Baal rites where drums drowned the screams and smoke did the rest. Others lift up modern mascots—Anton LaVey with his black mass theatre, or later copycats who traded church for club and lit their mirrors with red bulbs. Add the scattered edgelords, shock artists, and would-be magi who recite rebellion for a crowd. Different costumes, same mistake: they confuse cruelty with evil.

Cruelty is a human flaw—volitional, staged, and usually practiced at someone else’s expense. It is chosen: a hand deciding to break, a mouth deciding to mock, a system deciding to turn suffering into spectacle. It feeds on distance. The cruel stay dry while others drown; they keep their appetite safe from the weather they cause. That is why cruelty can posture as “worship”: it costs the performer little while costing the victim everything.

Evil, as we have used the word, is different. Evil is imposed—a world-force that seizes the body and dictates terms from the inside: cancer that gnaws at your body, radiation that erodes the nerves, war that kills your family, insanity that torments the mind. This cannot be scheduled or stylized. It narrows feeling and throttles thought until only survival fits. And here is the human truth: after long exposure to that force, the reflex is recoil, not devotion. You do not feed what feeds on you.

Seen in this light, the ancient fire-priests were not connoisseurs of evil; they were administrators of pathetic cruelty. They paid with other people’s children, not their own marrow. They did not “know” the devourer as the devoured know it; they engineered distance and called it holiness. Likewise, LaVey’s pageants and the descendants of that stagecraft—self-worship wrapped in goat iconography—are not encounters with evil. They are opinion-plays, identity theater that borrows the vocabulary of darkness while shunning any master beyond the mirror. Even the fringe who flirt with harm for thrills mistake proximity for contact: watching pain is not the same as being colonized by it.

Hold the separation clean: cruelty belongs to the realm of Right/Wrong—it is chosen, and it is wrong. Evil belongs to the realm of imposed Good/Evil—it arrives without consent and writes its verdict in the flesh. The baby-burners, the pageant-priests, the red-light narcissists, the torture-tourists—none of them pass the test of endured imposition. They have selected a costume and inflicted a script. They have not worn the hours that erase performance. If they ever did—if the world pressed inside their ribs for long enough—their slogans would die on their own. The mask would fall, and with it the pretense that cruelty is knowledge, or that posing is worship.

When everything else is stripped away, one thing remains: consciousness. Not the opinions stapled to it, not the costume of mood—just bare awareness that there is something happening. Everything above that floor is tied to flesh. Thought rides oxygen and glucose.

Feeling is tinted by hormones, temperature, and pain. Tilt the chemistry and the story you tell about yourself tilts with it. That is our build. We are not free-floating wills; we are awareness housed in a body that sets the limits.

Because the body sets the limits, the body trains the lessons. Torment doesn't just hurt; it teaches. Sustained pain narrows desire and engraves a simple instruction into the nerves: pull back from what burns you. Breathlessness teaches you to move smaller. Fever teaches you to rest. Nerve fire teaches you to ration motion and save sentences. After enough nights like that, praise for harm is not merely unattractive—it's impossible to sustain. The organism won't fund it.

This is why the claim stands in plain language: 99.999999% of humans cannot be evil by nature. Our stack isn't built for it. We can intend wrong, we can cultivate cruelty, we can numb ourselves to others—yes. But when the storm moves inside the ribs, almost everyone learns recoil. The reflex lives deeper than any slogan. A mouth that once admired darkness becomes very practical: water, breath, stop. If someone kept adoring the devourer while being devoured, we would be looking at a different kind of creature altogether—one for whom agony reads as food instead of warning, one whose nervous system does not teach avoidance. That is not us.

Call this the mercy of design or simply the fact of it: consciousness endures, but it endures inside a frame that refuses to make pain its sacrament. You can see the rule in little things. A child touches a stove and learns. An adult tries a motion that rips their back and never learns it twice. A patient who spends months bargaining with death does not come out worshiping suffocation. This is not a moral lecture; it's conditioning written in tissue.

The flip side is just as important. Because we are built to recoil, most "devotion to evil" on display is theater from untested bodies—self-adoration with grim props, cruelty outsourced to someone else's flesh, a vocabulary of darkness unpunished by nights that erase vocabulary. It looks stable only because the weather is kind. The moment the weather turns, the human returns: conserve, protect, decline to make it worse. Boasts shrink to the size of minutes. The altar collapses into a chair.

Keep the terms clear. To be evil by nature would mean aligning with destruction at the level of being—taking harm as nourishment, praising what breaks you because it breaks you. That would require a nervous system that rewards injury and a body that treats its own vetoes as invitations. A human with that equipment would be a rarity bordering on another species. We are not built to kneel to the hand that strikes; we are built to avoid it, to heal when possible, and to remember.

So when we meet someone flirting with darkness, the question is never "Are they evil by nature?" It's simpler: How long have they been spared**?** If the answer is "so far," then their talk is a costume. If the answer is "not long," listen for the calibration taking hold. After real storms, people stop singing to the clouds. They measure. They mend. They save their

attention for what steadies the day. And that, more than any argument, is the signature of our kind: consciousness remaining while the body's torments train aversion, again and again, until the lesson is part of the bone.

Here is the clean end to it: There are no true satanists—only the unscarred playing with symbols, and the scarred who know better.

The unscarred borrow horns and heat like theater props. They rename appetite "Satan," autonomy "worship," and a mood "metaphysics." They pose against ceilings they never touched and call their posture courage. Their drama depends on good weather: a steady pulse, a cooperative chest, nerves that mind their manners. On such days, anyone can make a slogan sound like destiny. Symbols are cheap when the body is quiet.

The scarred have met the thing the symbols pretend to summon. They have counted breaths in the dark and watched hours dissolve into tasks that would bore a child—sip, swallow, turn, still. They have learned the discipline of not feeding what feeds on them. Whatever they once said about embracing darkness died the night the room spun and would not stop, the week the fever argued with the blood, the month the pain made every sentence too expensive to finish. They do not kneel to the devourer. They manage it, avoid it, and pray it passes. Knowledge taught them recoil.

This is not a romantic verdict; it is a practical one. Real evil does not flatter the mouth; it erases it. It closes the range of thought until only small, stubborn choices remain. It is not impressed by your vocabulary or your wardrobe. It cannot be performed into holiness. And when it enters a life for any meaningful span, it trains a single reflex that makes worship impossible: pull back.

So weigh the claim wherever you hear it—on stages, in manifestos, under red lights—and ask the only questions that matter. Was evil imposed here, or chosen as costume? Was it endured, or displayed? Did it reshape reflexes away from praise, as it always does, or did the speaker pay nothing beyond a new caption? Strip the talk of its lighting and listen for the stamp of contact. If you don't hear it, you're not dealing with devotion. You're watching a mirror.

This distinction is more than semantics. It protects the broken from being blamed for being broken, and it denies the cruel the glamour they seek in borrowed darkness. Cruelty is a small human vice, a choice to wound from a safe distance. Evil is a weather system that moves in and takes your house apart from the inside. One can be performed; the other cannot. One begs for an audience; the other cancels the show.

The final pronouncement is not thunder; it's housekeeping. Keep the terms clean and the masks fall on their own. Let worship mean submission to something outside the self, and let evil mean an imposed devourer. Then look again at those who claim both. You will find, almost always, either theater with props or survivors who have lost all appetite for hymns.

The first group does not know what they are invoking; the second group knows too well to try.

So we close without spectacle: evil is real, and it is not your opinion. Knowledge of it is bought dear. And those who have paid do not praise it. Call the rest what they are—unscarred players with symbols. As for the scarred, leave them their quiet. They have already learned the lesson this book has been spelling in plain language: do not feed what feeds on you.

On Evil and Dark Entities

It would be dishonest to pretend the universe contains only our kind. Some things in it are not human, not even neighbor to human. Call them dark entities if you like—minds without our reflex for recoil, beings that wear pain the way fish wear water. If such entities exist—as many testimonies insist—they would be evil by nature in a way we are not: aligned with destruction at the level of being, enjoying the sensations we deem extreme suffering and feeding on it, moving through it without the flinch that trains us away.

A human can kneel to them. People have. But without knowing what real evil is—evil as imposed weather through flesh—that kneeling is not a knowledgeable choice. It is cosplay at the edge of a canyon you have never climbed into. Symbols and slogans will not tell you what you're marrying. You would be swearing vows to a word.

There is a rule that protects sanity here: the knowledge of evil should not arrive by free choice. To seek it on purpose is to invite masochism and ruin, to confuse bravado with education. Real knowledge comes when the world seizes you without consent—illness, injury, fear that lives in the blood—and forces you to live inside a climate you cannot turn off. That is the only honest classroom. Anything else is a staged tour with exits clearly marked.

If a person has gone under such torment—*not by performance, not by weekend ordeal, but by the world's hand*—and has remained there long enough for the body to rewrite habits and narrow the range of thought, then they possess the stamp others only imitate. Set a simple threshold to make this concrete: a year or more under imposed conditions that cancel vanity and reorder days—months of pain, breathlessness, fever, loss that will not be reasoned with. After such a year, the ordinary human reflex is recoil. The mouth that once loved dark slogans becomes sparing with words. The appetite for praising harm evaporates. Most who pass through that corridor want nothing but mercy—for themselves, for others, for whatever hours remain.

If, after that—*after the year of imposition, after the body has taught its lessons*—a person still chooses to kneel to a dark entity, still calls destruction holy, still offers devotion with the

knowledge of what devotion invites, then we have reached the rare creature that is meant by true satanist. Not a red-shirt performer, not a narcissist in a mirror, but a human whose alignment has outlasted the training that breaks almost all alignment. Such a being would be vanishingly rare, and their path would not be enviable. They would be choosing a master that uses them up.

This is not an invitation. It is a warning written in plain language. Do not court storms to look brave. Do not confuse cruelty with contact. If you have been spared, don't pretend you haven't. If you have not been spared, you already know what this page is saying: real evil does not thrill; it erases. It leaves little appetite for hymns. It teaches conservation, small right actions, and a refusal to feed what feeds on you.

So if someone speaks of "worshiping the dark," ask first whether they know the dark as weather inside the ribs. If they don't, they are only playing with symbols. If they do, they won't need symbols—they'll speak like survivors. And if, after surviving, they still lift their hands to a devourer, then you have found the exception that proves the rule: a human standing at the far edge of what a human usually is.

Evil runs through the material world like a cold current. You can see it without philosophy. Bodies come preloaded with failure points: nerves that can turn every touch into a spark, organs that can betray their owner in a night, blood that can sour with fever until thought is a rumor. Teeth rot, joints grind, tissue tears, breath locks. Parasites write their alphabets in the gut; cancers bloom like weeds in hidden gardens; infections light the body from the inside and dare it to sleep. The earth joins in: falls, famine, plague, the quiet arithmetic of decay. None of this waits for your opinion. It arrives, imposes, and narrows life to small, stubborn choices—sip, turn, breathe.

Not everyone meets this current head-on. Many live long stretches sheltered by luck and medicine, and so "evil" stays a word to them, a symbol for disapproval or a spice for the ego. But those who have spent months in the tight rooms where pain budgets every sentence know the difference. They do not theorize evil—they wear its fingerprints. Until a person has been held there long enough for the body to retrain their days, "evil" remains a picture on a wall, not the weather in the room.

There are beings that move across layers of reality the way a storm system moves across borders—dark entities that are part of this same current, but awake. If such beings exist, they are not merely cruel in the human sense; they are **of** the force we fear. What marks them is inversion: sensations that ruin us are ordinary or even delicious to them; what we call "good" reads to them as thin or wrong. They do not "choose" to harm the way a bully chooses; they *are* harm the way fire is hot. They inflict because that is their nature, and their nature does not include recoil.

From the human side, this is hard to grasp without contact, because our frame is built to pull back from what burns us. We learn aversion. They do not. And this is why loose vows to

“worship the dark” ring empty. Without the stamp of long, imposed contact with the world’s dark current, such vows are only costumes. To bind yourself to a force—or a being—that eats human hours as food is not a knowledgeable choice if your knowledge is borrowed.

None of this is an invitation to go courting storms. Knowledge of evil is not a badge to seek; seeking it for its own sake slides into masochism and self-destruction. Real knowledge comes the way winter comes—unasked, unreturned. If you have not yet stood in that weather, be honest about it. If you have, you already speak more quietly. And if there are entities for whom our ruin is normal, then any human alliance with them, made without the education of imposed suffering, is a pledge made in ignorance. The force is real. Not all meet it.